3 W. B. DRYDEN

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN GEORGIA DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION

IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,

UPON THE OCCASION OF ITS FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

ON

Memorial Day, April 26th, 1893,

BY

COL: CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL. D.,
President of the Association.

and

CHICKAMAUGA,

BY

COL: JOSEPH B. CUMMING,
A Member of the Association.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

AUGUSTA, GA.
Chronicle Job Printing Company.
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THE ADDRESS.

As I salute you, my Comrades, upon the return of this Memorial Day consecrate to the confirmation of Confederate friendships, the conservation of Confederate recollections, and the decoration of the graves of our Confederate Dead, I am reminded of the fact that seven of our companions who, with loyal hearts and responsive hands, greeted us at our last annual meeting and participated in the ceremonies and the privileges of that occasion, have passed through

* * "that unfathom'd, boundless sea—
The silent grave"—

to the "port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have been tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet evermore."

On the 2nd of June 1892, our comrade—PRIVATE B. W. HARTER of Company G, Third Regiment Georgia Infantry, Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia,—responded to the final summons; and, on the 25th of the ensuing month we followed to the tomb all that was mortal of DR. S. P. HUNT who, during the war, discharged the duties of an Assistant Surgeon in Confederate service.

WILLIAM MULHERIN—Color Sergeant of Company B Oglethorpe Infantry, a brave soldier, a citizen highly esteemed for his public spirit, business enterprise, purity of character, and Christian virtues, and a valued member of this Association, on the 30th of January 1893 calmly fell on sleep. In passing from our present companionship he car-

ried with him the special regard of his late comrades in arms, and the benediction of this entire community.

After a lingering illness, endured with the utmost composure, on the 9th of last March our companion THOMAS W. NOWELL, corporal of Company A Second Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, succumbed to the inroads of a mortal disease. On the 6th instant, we paid our tribute of respect to the memory of the HON. WILLIAM GIBSON—gallant Colonel of the 48th Regiment Georgia Infantry, Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia—who as a Representative in the General Assembly of this State, as President of the Senate, and as a Circuit Judge, for many years was regarded as a popular and an influential citizen of this Commonwealth. Only four days agone, we were surprised and saddened by the sudden and unexpected demise of CHARLES E. STAPLES, 4th Sergeant of Company A, 5th Regiment Georgia Infantry, Jackson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; and, on last Sunday the spirit of JACOB J. MENGER, private of Company G, 1st Regiment Georgia Regulars, returned to the God who gave it.

Among Confederates of rank and prominence who have died since our last annual meeting will be specially remembered BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON, of Virginia, whose services in the field were surpassed by his more valuable labors as president and principal owner of the Tredegar Iron Works, at Richmond, upon which the Confederacy largely depended for the rifling and banding and the manufacture of heavy guns, with suitable projectiles, for sea-coast defence, for the armament of fixed batteries, and for the equipment of vessels of war;—the HONORABLE THOMAS H. WATTS, a war-governor of Alabama, and an Attorney General of the Confederate States;—BRIGADIER GENERAL LUCIUS E. POLK, of Tennessee, whose reputation

is indissolubly linked with the stalwart history of the Army of the West;—BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY GRAY, of Louisiana, at one time close competitor with Judah P. Benjamin for the highest political honors within the gift of the General Assembly of the Pelican State;—RANDALL L. GIBSON, of New Orleans, a Brigadier General of the Confederate Army, gallant, courteous, and gifted, and, at the time of his demise, occupying the distinguished position of senator from Louisiana in the congress of the United States;—HENRY W. HILLIARD, of Georgia, a many sided man, soldier, author, lawyer, preacher, orator, and diplomat, courtly in address, of broad culture, and for more than half a century a prominent actor in public affairs;—LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR, of Mississippi, a native Georgian, who, as an officer in the army of Northern Virginia, as an instructor, lawyer, legislator, Confederate Commissioner, Congressman, Senator, Secretary of the Interior, and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, touched nothing which he did not adorn;—PIERRE GUSTAVE TOUTANT BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana,—last survivor of those illustrious officers who attained unto the grade of General in the regular army of the Confederate States*,—of noble lineage,—trained to feats of arms,—promoted for gallantry in our war with Mexico,—a military engineer of the highest repute, defending Charleston harbor with a skill and a tenacity challenging universal admiration,—a trusted leader of armies,—moved by valiant impulses,—imbued with the loftiest patriotism,—observant of the most exalted conceptions of civilized warfare,—from

*Acting under and in pursuance of the provisions of an Act of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, approved May 16th 1861, President Davis appointed the following officers with the rank and denomination of *General*—the highest military grade known in the Armies of the Confederacy: SAMUEL COOPER, of Virginia, to take rank as of May 16th 1861; ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, of Texas, to take rank as of May 30th 1861; ROBERT E. LEE, of Virginia, to take rank as of June 14th 1861; JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, of Virginia, to take rank as of July 4th 1861, and G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, to take rank as of July 21st 1861.

General Albert Sidney Johnston having been killed at the battle of Shiloh, General BRAXTON BRAGG was appointed in his stead, to take rank as of the 12th of April 1862.

On the 31st of January 1865 General ROBERT E. LEE was appointed General-in-Chief.

Lieutenant General E. KIRBY SMITH, of Florida, was, on the 19th of February 1864, appointed *General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States*, and on the 18th of July 1864, Lieutenant General JOHN B. HOOD, of Texas, was appointed *General with temporary rank*.

the moment when the first gun of open opposition to Federal usurpation thundered against Sumter to the day of final surrender wavering not in bravest maintenance of the Confederate cause, and, at all times and upon occasions the most momentous, exhibiting the valor of the accomplished soldier and the knightliest traits of the defender of the rights and honor of a beleaguered nation,—without controversy one of the greatest of modern generals,—his memory is enshrined in our grateful recollection, and his deeds are reckoned among the proudest achievements of a consecrated past. Among the heroic names dignifying the Confederate book of fame appears one

> "In letters of gold on spotless white,
> Encircled with stars of quenchless light;
> Never a blot that page hath marred:
> And the star-wreathed name is Beauregard."

Edmund Kirby Smith, of Florida,—brevetted for gallantry in the battles of Cerro Gordo and Contreras,—the only officer complimented with the rank of General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States,—entrusted with the command of the trans-Mississippi Department,—from the inception to the close of the Confederate struggle for independence displaying in a conspicuous degree on many bloody fields and amid circumstances most difficult the capabilities of an accomplished soldier and the virtues which appertain to exalted patriotism,—since the conclusion of the war devoting his time and talents to the education of Southern youths,—passing the evening of a stormy life in the quiet companionship of family, of literary friends, and of loving pupils,—and, as the end approached, animated by the faith and sustained by the hope of the true believer entering without fear upon the *iter tenebricosum*, exclaiming in anticipation of a blessed immortality: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And, on the 9th instant, the Hon. Andrew Gordon Magrath,—for more than half a century a leading member of the Charleston Bar,—a Confederate District Judge of high repute, and a war-governor of South Carolina,—full of years and of honors, passing peacefully and painlessly through the tranquil gates of the historic city which had so long commanded his affection and witnessed his triumphs, entered into the realm of shadows.

Four years ago, my friends, in delivering the annual address before this Association I had the honor of reminding you of the prominent part borne by Georgians during the war between the States. To-day, with your permission, I propose, by a panoramic review, to revive our recollection of the military events which transpired within the limits of this Commonwealth during that memorable epoch.

On the 30th of October, 1861, armed launches from a blockading steamer attempted to set fire to a schooner which lay stranded near the Confederate battery on the north point of Warsaw Island. Fire from this battery—then garrisoned by the Republican Blues of Savannah—was opened upon them. The enemy replied, and for a time quite an animated little engagement ensued, which terminated upon the withdrawal of the Federals who failed to accomplish their purpose. This affair, trivial at best, possesses some significance because it constituted the first passage at arms on the Georgia coast.

The original line for the defense of the sea-coast of Georgia contemplated the construction and tenure of earthworks at every ship-channel entrance from Tybee island to Fernandina. The armament intended for these batteries consisted of from three to five guns, chiefly thirty-two pounders. Too weak to repel a formidable attack, these exterior defenses were largely designed to quiet the fears of planters who, at exposed points, apprehended the approach of small vessels and marauding parties sent to annoy and

disorganize their estates. Their isolated positions, feeble armaments, and unfinished condition rendering them untenable in the event of serious demonstrations, these advanced batteries were held but for a short time. Early in 1862 they were abandoned, and their guns were concentrated for the protection of the immediate water-approaches to the City of Savannah.

On the 23rd of December, 1861, Commodore Tattnall, while with his gun-boats convoying the steamer *Fingal* to sea, encountered the opposition of Federal war-vessels approaching from Warsaw Sound. Unable to overcome this resistance, the Confederates were compelled to relinquish their effort. Nearly eighteen months afterwards this vessel, which intermediately had been converted into an iron-clad and named the *Atlanta*, armed with two seven-inch Brooke rifles and two six-inch rifle guns, with a crew of twenty one officers and one hundred and twenty one men, under the command of Captain Webb of the Confederate Navy, steamed beyond the then abandoned batteries on Skidaway island and gallantly engaged the Federal Monitors Weehawken and Nahant which were lying in Warsaw Sound anticipating her coming. When within six hundred yards of the former the Atlanta ran aground, but was quickly backed off and, boldly holding her course, again took the bottom where she stuck hard and fast. From this unfortunate situation the most strenuous efforts to extricate her proved fruitless. Unable to bring her guns to bear with any degree of accuracy upon the Weehawken which, approaching within short range and choosing her position, opened fire with her fifteen-inch guns, after receiving four shots which knocked off the pilot-house, drove in a port-stopper, seriously damaged the armor and wood-backing, and wounded sixteen men—among them two of the three pilots on board—the Atlanta was forced to surrender. The action lasted only sixteen minutes. The loss of this vessel was severely felt, and the conduct of Captain Webb in precipitating the unequal conflict has been severely criticized. Every means at command had been

employed to make the Atlanta a formidable armored ship, and much was expected of her. With her early capture these anticipations perished, and the Confederate Navy continued to exist in these waters as little else than a feeble organization.

To the gallant and accomplished Commodore Josiah Tattnall—commanding this naval station—who had long been accustomed to deal with weighty affairs and to receive the honors paid to exalted rank and conspicuous service, the situation was depressing in the extreme. Well did Mr. Petigru, in a letter to him, express the general sentiment of his friends: "You certainly gave a strong proof of that *nostalgia* which confers on the spot of one's birth an interest beyond the value of riches, when you threw up one of the proudest situations under the sun to take your part with a people that could offer you nothing better than a cock-boat fleet."

By removing the obstructions placed by the Confederates in Wall's Cut—an artificial channel connecting New and Wright rivers—the Federals succeeded in introducing armed vessels into the Savannah river in rear of Fort Pulaski without encountering the fire of its guns, and in protecting their working parties employed in the construction of investing batteries at Venus' Point and on the North end of Bird's island. Thus was the isolation of that fortress consummated. Its retention became simply a matter of time to be measured by the supplies on hand or by its capabilities of resistance in the event of severe bombardment. Only a little while prior to this investment of Pulaski Commodore Tattnall, with his fleet, in sight and under fire of the gun-boats of the enemy, had forced the passage of the Savannah river and thrown into the fort a six month's supply of provisions. Thenceforward communication ceased with that work which, left to its own resources, prepared as best it could for the final struggle.

Meanwhile the United States troops were busily employed in erecting eleven batteries on Tybee island, distributed at distances from the fort varying from 1650 to 3400 yards. These, when completed, were armed with thirty six guns and mortars. Of the forty eight pieces of ordnance constituting the armament of the fort only twenty could be brought to bear upon the Tybee island batteries. The garrison of Pulaski numbered three hundred and eighty-nine men, all told. Early in the morning of the 10th of April, 1862, Major-General David Hunter summoned the the fort to an immediate and unconditional surrender. To this demand Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, commanding, returned the brave and laconic response; "I am here to defend the Fort, not to surrender it."

At a quarter past eight o'clock, the same morning, the bombardment commenced. Upon the details of this memorable affair we may not enter. Suffice it to say that by half-past two o'clock P. M. on the 11th, the fire of the enemy had proved so destructive that the fort became no longer tenable. Accordingly the white flag was displayed and terms of surrender were arranged with Brigadier General Q. A. Gilmore in immediate command of the United States forces on Tybee Island. This siege and reduction of Pulaski should be regarded as an epoch not only in the history of the Civil War, but also in tracing the rapid development of the science of artillery. The important lesson was then learned that while heavy mortars and columbiad guns proved in large measure innocuous, the most substantial brick scarp could, with satisfactory rapidity, be breached at 2500 yards by heavy rifle guns. The impulse which the results here obtained gave to the manufacture and use of rifled ordnance was strikingly illustrated during the subsequent operations in Charleston harbor and elsewhere during the progress of the war. Unfortunately the Confederates possessed neither the means nor the facilities for profiting suitably by this dearly bought experience. While the fire of the 10-inch and 13-inch mortars, and the impact of solid shot projected

from the 8-inch and 10-inch columbiads were very annoying and harmful to the guns mounted *en barbette*, so far as the walls and arches of the fort were concerned, they caused no special damage. The Parrott and James rifles were the guns which wrought the fatal annoy. So accurate and destructive had been their aim that at the moment of the capitulation all the casemate guns bearing upon Tybee Island except two had been dismounted; and, of the barbette guns, only an equal number were in condition to respond to the Federal batteries. The outer wall of two casemates had been entirely carried away, and that enclosing the two adjoining ones was in a crumbling plight. Passing through the breach the rifle projectiles swept across the parade, impinged against the traverses which protected the north magazine, and exploded within a few feet of the door. Longer tenure of the fort became each moment more hazardous to the lives of the entire garrison, and could eventuate in no conceivable good.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the second day's bombardment, while solid shots were battering the walls and shells were bursting above, within, and around the fort scattering their lethal fragments everywhere, the halyards of the garrison flag which floated from a staff planted upon the parapet just over the sally-port, and the staff itself were carried away by a projectile and the colors fell. Lieutenant Christopher Hussey of the Montgomery Guards, and private John Latham of the Washington Volunteers, sprang upon the parapet—swept at all points by deadly missiles—and, freeing the flag from its fallen and entangled situation, bravely bore it to the north-eastern angle of the fort where, rigging a temporary staff on a gun-carriage, they soon again amid the smoke and din and dangers of the conflict unfolded in proud defiance the stars and bars of the beleaguered Confederacy. When the proud memories of this momentous struggle for independence are repeated, and the valiant deeds are recorded of those who illustrated the virtues of the truly brave under circumstances of peculiar peril and, in the hour

of supreme danger, freely exposed their lives in support of the national emblem, let the recollection of this heroic incident be perpetuated upon the historic page: let the names of these courageous men be inscribed upon the roll of honor.

As at Fort Pulaski the problem of the reduction of masonry walls at unusual ranges by rifle guns was solved to the surprise of many and in contravention of accepted theories, so, at Genesis' Point the value of sand parapets was fully proven in the face of ordnance of large calibre and tremendous power.

Constituting the right of the exterior line projected and held for the protection of Savannah, and situated on the right bank of the Great Ogeechee river at Genesis' Point, Fort McAllister effectually commanded that stream, defended the rail-way bridge near Way's Station, and prevented the disorganization of the slave labor upon the extensive rice plantations in its neighborhood. From the date of its construction—which was cœval with our earliest coast defenses—to the day of its capture in December 1864, it subserved purposes most conducive to the general welfare and, on seven occasions, repulsed the naval attacks of the enemy. In our local military annals no name is more proudly remembered than that of this earth-work near the mouth of the Great Ogeechee. During its bombardment of the 27th of January, 1863, fifteen inch guns were first used in the attempt to reduce a shore battery, and the ability of properly constructed earth parapets to resist the impact of projectiles surpassing in weight and power any which had been hitherto used was fairly demonstrated.

On this occasion a member of the garrison was literally buried upon the explosion of a fifteen inch shell which penetrated deep into the parapet in front of one of the gun chambers. Liberating first one arm and then his head from the superincumbent mass, and freeing his mouth from the sand

with which it was filled, he roared out in stentorian tones: "All quiet along the Ogeechee to-day."

The last, and by far the most determined naval attack was launched on the 3rd of March 1863. In it the monitors Passaic, Patapsco, Montauk, and Nahant, the Peira and two other thirteen inch mortar schooners, and the gunboats Wissahickon, Down, Sebago, Seneca, and Flambeau participated. The bombardment began about half past eight o'clock in the morning and, with but slight intermission, was maintained until half past four o'clock in the afternoon when the monitors retired. The mortar-boats however, continued to throw their shells during the night. It was manifestly the design of the enemy to renew the attack in the morning; but when, upon inspection, it was ascertained that the parapets of the fort had been thoroughly repaired, and that McAllister was seemingly as ready for the conflict as when it was inaugurated, the Federal commander, despairing of success, withdrew his fleet, thus according a triumph which conceded the ability of a properly constructed earth-work to withstand prolonged and formidable bombardment from the most powerful iron-clads of the United States Navy. It is admitted that the Passaic was struck thirty one times, and once by a ten inch solid shot very near her port hole. The Nahant and Patapsco were also frequently hit. Early in the action however, so soon as it was ascertained by the Confederates that the guns of the fort were too light to penetrate the armor of the monitors, or to inflict material injury, the revolutions of the turrets were narrowly watched, and our cannon were fired only when the opportunity presented itself for entering the open ports.

Never again during the progress of the war did this fortification suffer further attack at the mouths of Federal naval guns. With bermuda-turfed parapets and strengthened battery it continued to be the pride of the military district, the guardian of valuable interests in the delta of the gently flowing Ogeechee, and the conspicuous witness of the valor of Georgia troops. And when, in December 1864, its flag

was lowered amid the smoke and carnage of the assault by general Hazen's division, this fort, slenderly protected in the rear, was overrun and captured by overwhelming numbers the shock of whose onset the combined and heroic resistance of an isolated and a feeble garrison of one hundred and fifty Confederates was powerless to withstand. No higher compliment can be paid to the valor of Major Anderson and his command on this occasion than that conveyed by the Federal general in his official report: "We fought the garrison through the fort to their bomb-proofs, from which they still fought, and only succumbed as each man was individually overpowered."

The scene of conflict shifts from the low-lying shores to the hills of Georgia, and the thunders of cannon are supplanted by the flash of sabres, the rattle of carbines, and the call of bugles sounding the charge.

Late in April, 1863, a daring cavalry raid under the conduct of Colonel Streight was planned and inaugurated to strike a blow at the communications of General Bragg's army and to destroy the Confederate depots of supply in upper Georgia. Advised of the movement, General Forrest quickly prepared to overtake the enemy and frustrate his purpose. Dividing his force, of one column of pursuit he assumed personal command, while the leadership of the other was entrusted to Colonel Roddy. Pressing on rapidly general Forrest struck the enemy first at Day's Gap where, after a sharp encounter, the Federals withdrew in the direction of Rome. From this time forward the pursuit was closely maintained—the Confederates subsisting largely upon the provisions which Colonel Streight abandoned *en route*, and refurnishing themselves from the quarter master's stores discarded during the precipitate march. Sixteen miles from the scene of the first engagement, and along the trend of a rugged mountain stream battle was again joined, and the

enemy a second time gave way before the furious assaults of the Confederates. After three days of vigorous riding and fighting with insufficient food and forage General Forrest found it necessary to afford his exhausted troopers and jaded animals a rest of several hours duration. At ten o'clock in the morning of the second of May the Federal column was overtaken some ten miles from Black Creek—a confluent of the Coosa. In the face of a hot fire Forrest, with a detachment of picked men, boldly charged upon the rear of the enemy. Skirmishing continued until the creek was reached which the Federals crossed by means of a wooden bridge which they immediately burnt.

Black Creek being deep and rapid, its passage in the presence of the enemy was found impracticable. At this juncture a tall, comely country girl of some eighteen summers—Emma Sanson by name—saluting General Forrest informed him that she was acquainted with an old ford in the neighborhood to which, said she, "I could guide you if I had a horse. The Yankees have taken every one we owned."* At the moment Miss Sanson's mother endeavored to dissuade her from consummating her offer. "No Emma," urged the old lady, "do not go. People will talk about you." "I am not afraid," responded the heroic girl, "to trust myself with as brave a man as General Forrest, and I do not care for people's talk." The general,—riding beside a log and addressing words of commendation and thanks,—invited her to mount behind him. Without the least hesitation, and inspired by a courage and patriotism worthy of all praise, she sprang from the log and seated herself in rear of the General prepared to conduct him to the designated point. Directing a courier to follow, and pursuing the route indicated by Miss Sanson, after a ride of less than a mile through the woods the general reached the turn in the Creek where his fair guide declared there was a practicable ford. Dismount-

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*For an account of what here transpired we are chiefly indebted to the authors of the *Campaigns of General N. B. Forrest*, pp 267 et seq: J. P. Miller & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; and St. Louis, Missouri, 1868.

ing they walked to the bank. On the opposite side was posted a Federal attachment of some forty men, who opened fire upon them as they approached. The balls whistled by, cutting twigs from the trees and tearing up the ground. Naively inquiring what caused the noise, and being answered that it was the sound of passing bullets, the intrepid girl stepped in front of Forrest saying: "General stand behind me. They will not dare to shoot me." Gently putting her aside, and protesting that he could not possibly suffer her to make a breastwork of herself, the Confederate commander gave her his arm and screened her as far as he could. Placing her behind the shelter afforded by the roots of an upturned tree, and cautioning her to remain there until he could familiarize himself with the locality, General Forrest descended the ravine and proceeded to reconnoitre the ford. After a while upon looking back he found Miss Sanson close behind him and carefully observing his movements. When reminded that he had enjoined upon her to remain under cover she replied: "Yes General, but I was afraid that you might be wounded and I wished to be near you." Returning up the bank they again drew the fire of the Federals, several balls actually passing through her skirts. Turning around and facing the enemy this dauntless girl waved her sun-bonnet repeatedly and defiantly in the air. Perceiving this, the hostile fire ceased, and the Federals, uncovering and throwing up their caps, gave three hearty cheers.

We offer no apology for pausing in the narrative to revive the recollection of this heroic incident, so characteristic of the valor and the patriotism of Southern womanhood.

With his artillery compelling the detachment to retire from the vicinity of the ford, General Forrest in less than two hours there crossed his command and, at Turkey town, again brought the Federals to bay. Here another fierce encounter occurred, Colonel Streight finally giving way and still retiring in the direction of Rome. He was again overtaken on the ensuing morning. Forrest's command now

numbered scarcely more than five hundred men, but they were terribly in earnest. Demand was made upon the Federal Colonel for the immediate and unconditional surrender of his force. Parleying ensued which, after some delay and no inconsiderable ruse on the part of General Forrest, culminated in the entire Federal detachment—numbering some seventeen hundred men—yielding themselves as prisoners of war.

A Federal Major, greatly chagrined at the turn affairs had taken, and evidently dissatisfied with the conduct of Colonel Streight, in commenting upon the mortifying termination of what promised to be a very important expedition said: While negotiations were pending and Colonel Streight was endeavoring to obtain the most favorable terms, General Forrest suddenly grew very mad, swearing that he would wait no longer, and declaring that he would rather kill the whole detachment than be cumbered with prisoners. Whereupon he dispatched couriers to the captains of certain designated Confederate Light Batteries, directing them to take post upon adjacent hills, and ordering four regiments, which he named, immediately to form line of battle. As the couriers departed at full speed to convey these orders—which the Federals at the time believed to be *bona fide*,—Forrest remarked that his signal gun terminating the armistice would be fired in ten minutes. The truth is, added the Major, while the Confederate commander was making this apparent show of force and promulgating these fictitious orders he had with him only two small field pieces and not more than half a full regiment of mounted men. He insisted that Colonel Streight had been badly swindled. It cannot be denied that this stratagem exerted a powerful influence upon the mind of the Federal colonel and had much to do in bringing about the surrender.

During the last forty eight hours of this pursuit Forrest marched his command not less than ninety miles, and during the preceding three days the Confederates advanced daily forty one miles, skirmishing and fighting incessantly.

By this brilliant and successful pursuit and capture of this formidable detachment the Confederate leader and his command won the warmest gratitude and praise of the Southern people. The valuable machine shops and depots of supplies at Rome and elsewhere in Northern Georgia were preserved, and General Bragg's communications were confirmed. This will be remembered as one of the most fortunate and conspicuous episodes of the war. It broadened the reputation of the distinguished Cavalry leader who had already been saluted as the "wizard of the saddle."

On the 19th of September, 1863, in the rugged and densely wooded valley of Chickamauga fearful battle was joined between the Confederate Army commanded by General Braxton Bragg and the United States forces under the leadership of General Rosecrans. The shock was terrific, and the conflict—vigorously maintained for two days—has passed into history as one of the most desperate, bloody, and formidable engagements of the civil war. The earth trembled with the thunders of the combat. A black pall, illumined by lurid flashes, enveloped hill and plain. Dwellings, trees, and growing crops were shattered by a merciless storm of shot and shell, and forest and stream were incarnadined by the blood of the wounded and the slain. Nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand armed men participated in the lethal struggle—the contending forces being almost equal in numbers, with a preponderance of perhaps five thousand in favor of the Federals. Upon the cessation of actual hostilities—caused by the retreat of Rosecrans on the night of the 20th—thirty thousand lay dead or disabled on the field of carnage, attesting most emphatically the pertinacity of the assailants, the determination of the assailed, and the valor of all parties engaged. It would be impossible, my friends, within the compass of a single address to present an intelligent summary of the events which preceded, accom-

panied, and were consequent upon this great battle. Soldier and civilian, actor and critic—each in his own way—have again and again recounted incidents and perpetuated memories than which none more august appertain to the annals of the Confederate Revolution. Our beloved and venerable Vice President—General M. A. Stovall—was present during the entire struggle and, with his brigade participated freely and nobly in the perils, the alternating fortunes, and the eventual triumph of the conflict. Giving utterance to a wish which, I am persuaded, is warmly cherished by us all, I would fain indulge the hope that he will, at no distant day, find leisure and inclination to favor us with a circumstantial narrative of the part borne by himself and his gallant command during the complicated movements, desperate charges, and startling changes of position demanded by the exigencies of the stern occasion.

The presence of General Longstreet with two divisions of his corps constituted one of the most extraordinary and romantic incidents of the battle. With a celerity and a secrecy challenging the highest praise, he compassed a wonderful movement over some nine hundred miles of dilapidated railway, arriving with his glorious veterans from the Army of Northern Virginia just in time to plunge into the thickest of the fight and exert a potent influence in wresting victory from the trembling balance.

At great cost was this Confederate triumph achieved. Of the brilliant opportunity for crushing in detail the Federal forces as, advancing from Tennessee in widely separated columns they wildly manœuvred from the 10th to the 17th of September, General Bragg failed to take advantage. In like manner he neglected to reap the legitimate fruits of this dearly-bought victory, contenting himself with seizing and occupying the heights encircling Chattanooga into which, as an entrenched camp, the enemy retreated.

The conversion of the battlefield of Chickamauga into a national park, with suitable memorials, if accomplished in a spirit of generosity and broad patriotism, will consti-

tute a lasting and an honorable tribute to the illustrious memories of time and place.

At half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of June, 1864, a boat expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Pelot of the Confederate navy, moving from Savannah, after a desperate hand to hand conflict, succeeded in boarding and capturing in Warsaw Sound the United States steamer *Water Witch*. This vessel was a member of the blockading squadron on the Georgia coast. She carried a battery of four guns and a crew of eighty-two men. The attacking party—conveyed in seven barges—numbered eighty, all told. This gallant exploit—worthy of commemoration among the daring achievements of this heroic period—was accomplished at the cost of the life of the brave young commander. He was the first to gain the deck of the *Water Witch* where he fell, shot through the heart, while engaged in close combat with the enemy. Six Confederates were killed and twelve were wounded. The Federal casualties aggregated two killed and fifteen wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant Pendergrast, commanding. The vessel and prisoners were safely conveyed within the Confederate lines.

The Confederate army embodied at and near Dalton, Georgia, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston in May, 1864, numbered about fifty thousand men of all arms.* Instead of defending Mill-Creek and Snake-Creek gaps, placing his extra supplies in some safe position below the Etowah river, maintaining his ground, and by a grand assault upon Sherman's left and rear contending for a decided advantage, the Confederate leader—yielding to

*The field return of June 10th 1864 showed "Effectives" 44,860 infantry, 3,872 artillery, and 10,516 cavalry. Shortly after the evacuation of Dalton the Confederate Army received material reinforcement. General Sherman says he entered upon the Dalton-Atlanta campaign with more than 98,000 men.

McPherson's demonstration against Resaca, and without a struggle abandoning his entrenched camp at Dalton—saw fit to adopt a Fabian policy, and to inaugurate a retreat which culminated in continued disappointment, and final disaster far reaching in its baleful influence. The criticism of General Hood is by no means irrelevant: "An army fighting and retreating at the same time, taking up positions day after day to be given up under cover of darkness, suffers great loss. During such a campaign the orders necessary to be issued in withdrawing from the immediate presence of the enemy, such as directing that dead silence be observed, and that wheels be muffled for fear of discovery and attracting the fire of the antagonist, are depressing. Let this policy be continued for a distance of one hundred miles, as it was from Dalton to Atlanta, and the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war' are lost in a somewhat funereal procession."*

Beyond controversy, if the Confederates were unable to check the advance of the Federals in a region where hill and defile and swiftly-flowing streams with precipitous banks offered excellent advantages, and where substantial defenses had already been established, what hope of success could be reasonably entertained when the battle must be fought in the plain, and in the presence of a foe whose numbers were daily augmenting? While it was conducted in a masterly manner, General Johnston's retreat involved the loss of valuable territory, and impaired public confidence in the ultimate success of Confederate arms. Notwithstanding the decided checks which were administered at New Hope Church, at Kennesaw, and elsewhere along the line of march, General Sherman prosecuted his advance, compelling General Johnston to abandon one position after another until he had grouped his army around Atlanta. We are advised by apparently the most reliable returns that between Dalton and Atlanta where, in obedience to orders

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*Advance and Retreat, p. 71. New Orleans 1880.

from Richmond, General Johnston was superceded by General Hood, the Confederate army had sustained an aggregate loss of nearly twenty-thousand men. What may be designated as the Dalton campaign lasted for seventy days, and during that time the two armies "never lost their grapple."

A change of commanders in the presence of the enemy, *bello flagrante*, is hazardous at best, and cannot be justified except for special cause the existence of which in the present emergency has been gravely questioned. While General Johnston insists that he had retreated as far as he purposed, and that his plans were all matured for turning upon the enemy with a power and in a manner which in his judgment gave promise of a glorious victory, the Confederate authorities evidently did not sympathize in this impression. In the telegram from Adjutant General Cooper under date of July 17th, addressed to General Johnston, we read the following: "Lieutenant General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta—far in the interior of Georgia—and as you express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee which you will immediately turn over to General Hood."

So prompt and earnest was that officer in assuming the offensive, that by the afternoon of the 20th he assaulted with much vigor that portion of General Sherman's forces which had crossed Peach-tree Creek. Two days afterwards the attack was renewed on a vaster scale but with only partial success. It nevertheless, in the judgment of the Confederate commander, improved the *morale* of the troops, infused new life and fresh hopes, arrested the tendency to desertion, defeated for a time the movement of generals McPherson and Schofield upon our communications, and demonstrated to the foe our determination to abandon no

more territory without at least a manly effort to retain it. In this engagement the gallant Major General William Henry T. Walker, of Georgia—hero of three wars—fell at the head of his division while bravely leading it into action.* Almost simultaneously the accomplished Federal General McPherson received his death wound. The loss of these distinguished officers cast a gloom over both armies.

General Hardee's failure to dislodge the enemy at Jonesboro, and the success of the Federals in establishing their investing forces in controlling positions, necessitated the speedy evacuation of Atlanta. . On the 6th of September the active operations around that city which, for a period of forty six days had been vigorously conducted between the Confederates—with an estimated strength of about forty five thousand men—and the Federal forces aggregating not less than one hundred thousand effectives, practically ceased. The physical fruits as well as the moral influence consequent upon this capture of Atlanta, in the judgment of Mr. Swinton, entitle the engagements which were fought in its vicinity to be classed among the twelve decisive battles of the war.

Early in October General Hood entered upon that movement in rear of General Sherman's army which not only signally failed in accomplishing the end proposed but also, at Franklin and Nashville, culminated in irretrievable disaster. Unmoved by this formidable demonstration, and committing the defense of Tennessee to General Thomas, General Sherman began his preparations for a march from Atlanta to the coast. Communicating with General Grant, to whom as commander-in-chief had been entrusted the direction of military operations by the armies of the United States, he said: "I can make the march and make Georgia howl. * * * I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee. I prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things to the sea." General Grant hav-

*Our comrade Colonel Joseph B. Cumming was then his Adjutant General; and, at the moment, was conducting the right Brigade of Walkers' Division.

ing sanctioned the proposed movement and indicated Savannah as the objective of the campaign, General Sherman, about the middle of November, put his columns in motion. The "smashing" operation was fairly inaugurated by the wanton destruction of the cities of Rome and Atlanta. This invading army consisted of an infantry force of sixty thousand, supplemented by a cavalry division numbering fifty-five hundred sabres. There was also an allowance of one field piece to every thousand men—the light artillery thus aggregating between sixty-five and seventy guns, thoroughly manned and equipped.

At the outset the cavalry corps of Major General Joseph Wheeler, and the Georgia State troops led by Major Generals Howell Cobb and Gustavus W. Smith, constituted the only opposing force on the Confederate side. In the interior of the Commonwealth remained only old men and boys to shoulder their fowling pieces and assist in disputing the passage of swamps. Sore-pressed at every point, the once puissant armies of the Confederacy had been sadly depleted by disease, wounds, and death. Supplies of every kind were well-nigh exhausted, and no helping hand was extended in this hour of supreme need. Verily this vaunted undertaking of General Sherman, inaugurated at the most delightful season of the year, and prosecuted along good roads and through a region by no means lacking in provisions, cattle, and beasts of burthen, may be regarded rather as a holiday excursion on a gigantic military scale than as a martial enterprise involving dangers, exposures, and uncertainties. With the exception of constant skirmishing with Wheeler's cavalry, and some show of resistance at certain points—such as Griswoldville, Buckhead Creek, Waynesboro, and at the crossing of Great Ogeechee river—General Sherman met with but little opposition worthy of mention until, on the 10th of December, his four army corps came into position before the western lines hastily constructed for the protection of the land approaches to the city of Savannah. These lines—the right of which rested upon the Savannah river at

Williamson's plantation, and the left upon the Little Ogeechee near the railway crossing—armed at intervals with siege and field pieces, were defended by a garrison of some ten thousand men under the command of Lieutenant General William J. Hardee. Feebly manned as they were, they nevertheless held the enemy in check for ten days. Had they, at any time, been vigorously assaulted, the small Confederate force there embodied would quickly and surely have proven entirely inadequate for their retention.

Fort McAllister having been captured by General Hazen on the 13th, General Sherman was enabled to communicate freely with the Federal fleet awaiting his arrival, to establish a convenient base of supply for his army, and to procure heavy ordnance with which to prosecute the siege of Savannah. Longer tenure of that city by the Confederates being now impracticable, arrangements were made for its early evacuation. This was accomplished during the night of the 20th, when the Confederate garrison, crossing the Savannah river on pontoon bridges, retreated to Hardeeville in South Carolina. Thus the State of Georgia, bereft of her defenders, lay at the mercy of the conqueror. By this invasion, the track of which—between fifty and sixty miles in width—was marked by every token of the most wanton spoliation and demolition, General Sherman estimated that he had endamaged this Commonwealth and her citizens to the extent of one hundred millions of dollars. Twenty millions he reports as having enured to the benefit of the army of occupation. The remaining eighty millions he characterizes as "simple waste and destruction."

That this predatory campaign was neither interrupted nor defeated is fairly attributable to the inability of the Confederates to concentrate an army of opposition sufficiently strong to deliver battle along the line of march. Matters were rapidly hastening to a disastrous conclusion.

General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House, in

Virginia, and General Joseph E. Johnston near Durham station, in North Carolina, having surrendered the armies under their respective commands, the President and Heads of Departments of the Confederate Government were now fugitives from Richmond. The last meeting of the cabinet was held in the little town of Washington, Wilkes County, Georgia—the home of Robert Toombs. Partial and without special significance was that convocation; and, upon adjournment, the members of the cabinet who were there present—each in his own way—sought safety in flight. When President Davis—accompanied by a small escort—left Washington, his intention was to repair to the trans-Mississipi Department where, with the assistance of Generals E. Kirby Smith and J. Bankhead Magruder, he hoped and believed that he could continue to uphold the Confederate cause. In this anticipation he was sadly disappointed, and all expectation of future operations was rudely dispelled by his early capture near Irwinville, in Southern Georgia.

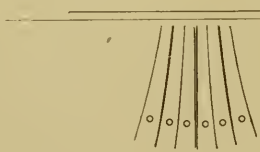
Approaching from Alabama, General J. H. Wilson, about the middle of April, 1865, entered Georgia with two columns—one penetrating by way of West Point, and the other at Columbus. Stout, but ineffectual resistance was offered at both places. With less than three hundred men General R. C. Tyler held the Confederate fort at West Point. Refusing to surrender, this little garrison fought until—all ammunition exhausted—stones and even unbayonetted guns were employed in the effort to beat back the Federals as they scaled the ramparts. The Confederate flag was never lowered until it was hauled down by the United States troops who, swarming over the parapet, overmastered the garrison and possessed themselves of the fort. Moving upon Macon, General Wilson there received the capitulation of General Howell Cobb. It was by a detachment from the command of this Federal officer that President Davis was captured.

And so, my friends, at the expense I fear me of your generous patience, I have attempted a rapid sketch of the prominent military operations which, during the civil war, were conducted within the geographical limits of this Commonwealth.

"Si computes annos, exiguum tempus: si vices rerum, ævum putes." While by this retrospect we are sensibly reminded that our early anticipations of success were clouded by disappointment, and while the remembrance of plans defeated, hopes unrealized, privations endured, and losses sustained is even now pregnant with sensations of sincere regret, amid the Confederate lights and shadows cast upon the historic canvass we trace no semblance of dishonor, no suggestion of thought or act unworthy of the loftiest aspirations and the bravest endeavor.

"Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover."

The following poem was composed by our comrade—the Hon. Joseph B. Cumming—while in bivouac near the battle field of Chickamauga and shortly after the conclusion of that memorable engagement. He was at the time chief of staff, with the rank of Major, in the division of Major General William H. T. Walker. At the solicitation of the members of the Association assembled around the festive board at the Schuetzen Platz during the afternoon of the 26th of April Colonel Cumming recited these verses which, with his permission and in response to the wish of his companions, are here perpetuated in commemoration of one of the most famous battles of the war, and in pleasing recollection of our reunion on Memorial Day, 1893.



CHICKAMAUGA.

By many a peaceful valley home,
In tranquil flow,
A river toward the sea doth come,
Stealthy and slow.
In the days of old, in the ages gone,
When the Indians claimed these lands his own,
He called the stream in a tongue unknown,
"Chickamauga!"

Chickamauga, "River of Death,"
O silent River,
What mystery through the ages hath
Ever and ever
Haunted thy bed? Hath warrior bled
Upon thy banks, whose blood there shed,
His people looking on, have said
"Chickamauga?"

Was it for forests on thy shore,
By vale and hill,
Silent e'en now, deathlike of yore,
Somber and still?
Or for thy flow these trees beneath,
Feeble and sad as dying breath,
That thou wast called, O River of Death,
"Chickamauga?"

Was it thy current's ceaseless flow
Down towards the sea,
Constant as Death, whose march, tho' slow,
No man can flee,
Brought to the solemn Indian's mind
Grim Death, who all men stalks behind,
And he no better name could find,
Chickamauga?

No, none of these. In ages gone—
Ah! who can say
How oft to earth the leaves have flown
Since that far day?—
When Lookout solitary stood,
And Pigeon knew not man's abode,
And nameless yet thy waters flowed,
Chickamauga!

Upon thy shore a prophet stood
That day of old—
A prophet of the Indian blood—
And thus foretold:
"I see the red men vanish all,
I see these leafy forests fall,
I hear a stranger people call
Chickamauga!

"I see the smoke of wigwams rise—
Not of my race;
For it hath sought 'neath other skies
A resting place.
I see the white man's harvests wave,
I see the white man's home, his grave
Along the banks thy waters lave,
Chickamauga.

"I see adown yon mountain way,
(Countless they come),
The northmen marching many a day,
From their far home.
With banners streaming on the gale,
Followed by widow's, orphans' wail,
Ah! now they seek thy peaceful vale,
Chickamauga.

"Great Spirit! Hark! upon mine ears,
Borne on the breeze,
What sounds come up from future years,
What sounds are these,
As when the winds contend in heaven,
And cloud 'gainst cloud is thunder driven,
And all thy forests tempest riven,
Chickamauga?

"Great Spirit! As when burning brands,
The opening year,
Prepare the pleasant hunting lands
For nimble deer,
I see above the forest rise
Dread clouds of smoke—not to mine eyes
Like smoke of peace they seek thy skies,
Chickamauga!

"Great Spirit! hear! Great Spirit, see!
Thy children die;
And thick as leaves 'neath wintry tree,
In death they lie.
And—Ah! no more! Upon my sight
Descends the future's viewless night.
The vision from thy shore takes flight,
Chickamauga!

"O limpid as thy native spring,
Go take thy way,
Limpid still, till the ages bring
That distant day,
When here within the sombre wood,
Thy startled waves shall flow with blood—
Then will thy name be understood,
Chickamauga!"

E'en now fulfilled, O "River of Death,"
This dream of old,
Thy banks along, thy trees beneath,
Mine eyes behold!
To Northmen, who invading come,
To Freemen fighting for their home,
To friend, to foe, thou art the tomb,
Chickamauga!

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